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“IL PENSEROSO.”

Oh, happy laughter of the purling brook
And whisper of the breeze,
Through your glad glade my pensive eyes
may look
At sunlight and at trees.
Yet what is it that Nature lacks today
When she is rich in these?

I see the burnished rocks half clothed in
foam,
The laughing water's gift.
I hear the birds' songs from their leafy home
Through shady silence drift.
On what strange wings have thoughts to
sadness flown
In sober flight so swift?

Above the pulses of the beating air
That stirs the trembling leaves,
Across the clouds that make the sky more
fair
Than foam-waves make the seas;

Heralds another day that dawns above
Where sorrows will surcease.
A day which dawns and brightens and
grows deep
With joys which never quell,
When I shall wake from sorrow's death-
like sleep.
But hark! a parting knell
That warns me, hope thou in life's best and
worst;
Its eerie accents swell.

Go back my soul to all sad days and hours
That now with bliss you view.
In life's garden bloom not only luscious
flowers
Of sweetest scent and hue.
Earth is not heaven; and God no life em-
bowers
With rose and not with rue.

IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97.



THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE.

It can be said with truth that any one reading the work entitled "The Creator and the Creature" by Father Faber ought to be highly edified: he will thereby more clearly see the relation between God and man; he will realize what it is to be a creature and to have a Creator. The style of this grand work is clear, logical, and analytical. In the logical and analytical qualities Father Faber, doubtlessly, manifests a genius similar to that of Cardinal Newman. Throughout this moral treatise he evinces a sweetness of disposition and a philanthropic spirit which should commend him to all lovers of literature.

The book was written, as we learn from the introduction, not for the sake of converting infidels, but as a charity for the faithful. These he points out in the entire work to have a wrong idea about the relations between the Creator and creatures. To one ignorant of Catholicism it would give very little insight into the nature, the mysteries, and the teachings of the Catholic religion; it rather enters into an analysis of the habits and dispositions of human nature in its relations to God.

The book is divided into three parts; the case stated between the Creator and the creature, the difficulties of creative love, and objections considered. The mutual relations between the Creator and the creature are well depicted. We are told that our notion of the Creator is that of a grand God rather than a living God, and that in all ages the great evil has been forgetfulness of God. "He is unseen, and hence is practically

considered as absent; and what is absent is easily forgotten." To make plain how our perverted notion and forgetfulness of God are brought about, Father Faber asserts that man considers himself the proprietor of this world, not as tenant in it; and he conforms to the spirit of the modern world, which centers itself in self-laudation. All that is said throughout the first chapter pertains to the idea that man, being too much occupied with self, loses sight of his dependence, or, in other words, he becomes guilty of this forgetfulness of God, and that he is a creature. Among the various illustrations given on these two points, this one seems quite appropriate, that the tendency is to concentrate all the religion into Sunday, and to conceive that one has thereby purchased the right to a large conscience for the rest of the week. The author cannot, however, be accused of being an extremist; for, notwithstanding that he probes into all the habits and vices of the day, he, as will be seen later on, does not lose hopes for a desirable ultimatum.

The inquiry of what it is to be a creature is nicely elucidated. Exhaustive reasons are given why man is not consulted about his coming into and going out of this world, although the consequences thereof are eternal. The reasons for explaining these perplexing questions have recourse chiefly to the mercy and justice of God. This much is said in defense of creation, but the author soars still higher and proves that God called man into existence out of nothingness on account of His infinite

love. To give some reasons for man's utter dependence, the Reverend author reminds him that he can do but very little; that with the most ingenious machinery he can do little else but "scratch the surface of the planet, without being able to alter the expression of one of its lineaments;" he is further reminded that fire and water are both his masters; and that he is at the mercy of the vegetable world. It finally comes to these facts that the creature received every thing from God, belongs to God, is surrounded by God, and his end is God himself.

Our idea of what it is to be a creature is greatly enhanced by knowing as fully as we can know it what it is to have a Creator. This constitutes the subject of a lengthy discussion; but the author is not unmindful of the task assumed and that he is surrounded with mysteries; for, "It is hard to fasten and confine in words the idea of a Creator." Yet no one would read this chapter without recognizing the relations of the Creator to the creature in many new ways which had never been impressed upon his mind before. The very nature of these relations show us the great love we owe to our Creator. "It was a condescension of Him to create us." Hence the statement, "What must the service of Him necessarily be to us, His creatures?" The creatures' last end, his true dignity, his widest liberty, and his most enduring reality, is the answer given. To have a Creator is in the theory of the learned Faber the highest goodness: but this goodness can be appreciated only as we by God's grace become good ourselves. Throughout this chapter one becomes deeply impressed with the fact that to have a Creator is to be the recipient, the object of God's incomprehensible, infinite love,

which the creature should reciprocate, but which to do he is incapable.

In the second division the eminent divine expatiates upon the thought, why God wishes us to love Him. In pursuing this trend of thought it is maintained that God has loved us infinitely from all eternity for no other reason than to have our love, insignificant as it is when compared with the incomprehensible greatness of His attributes. It is further shown that the permission of doing evil is nothing less than the intense desire of the Creator for the love of His creatures, and that a person in the state of mortal sin is not entirely deprived of his Creator's love. On this point it is rather difficult to comprehend the author's full meaning, although he tries to be very explicit.

The author being ever ready to acknowledge a difficulty or any thing surpassing human understanding, treats with this spirit the subject, Why God loves us. He says the reason of this love is either for our sake, or for God's own sake. Since, owing to our nothingness, there can be nothing in our own being meriting divine love, he, after lengthy and convincing arguments, concludes that the reasons of God's love for us are to be found exclusively on His side. For the sake of proving this point, the nature and relations of the attributes of the Author of all things are entered into, as well as their connection with His infinite love, showing that the harmony of all His perfection is love. Finally the question is once more proposed, why then does God love us? Concluding, "we must answer, because He created us."

After being convinced of the infinitude of God's love toward us, and the necessity of reciprocating this love, we

are also cognizant of the means of rendering the love due to Him. Here Father Faber simply takes recourse to the teachings of the Church, but he does so in an elaborate manner. Seven kinds of love are enumerated and described; the love of benevolence, of complaisance, of preference, of condolence, of gratitude, of desire, and of simple adoration. Any of these is considered adequate to become a saint, but the last is regarded as of the highest order.

In examining our actual love of God, the author finds three classes of human creatures. The one extreme is occupied by the saints, the other by the mass of men, and the mean by ordinary believers. He does not hesitate to make unrelenting criticism on man's default to render the love due to God, who is love Himself.

The countless ways enumerated in which God repays our love show that He is willing to condescend to accept the meanest of our merits, which, as also our greatest merits, are, strictly speaking, unworthy of Him. "This gulf between God and ourselves seems indefinite and impassible, yet grace bridges it over, and passes it with a rapidity to which a rapidity of the electric spark is weary slowness." The extent of the reward of our love is thus most aptly illustrated: we believe that in all things man's will is free, but that in nothing it is less free than to be lost eternally.

The love of God towards His creature being as great as the treatise portrays it to be, what are the chances for attaining salvation, our destiny? By reviewing the opinions of the doctors, the author finds two theories: one, that the great majority will be lost; the other, that the great majority will be saved. Father Faber sides with the latter, giving numerous reasons for so doing. He thinks

that the contrary view is a depreciation of the efficiency of God's love as well as of His divine wisdom. Furthermore that if the majority should not attain salvation, Almighty God would be frustrated in His object for creating man. Hence the conclusion that God has, as it were, bound Himself to make salvation easy of attainment to those who make earnest endeavors, in order that the majority may attain this their destination.

Although the author is exceedingly hopeful for the future life of man, he very seriously regrets that no more escape perdition than are supposed to escape it. For the cause of this he blames an evil which he considers the greatest inducement to the manifold sins, and this is worldliness. It is worldliness he says, which makes us forget that we are creatures; that the three great enemies mentioned in the Scriptures are the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; but the World or worldliness overshadows the other two. Again, that the dying Savior prayed for His executioners, but He never prayed for the World. It is conceded, however, that what is worldliness for one class of people, may not be such for another class; for, we find the darker view taken by the cloistered saints. It may not be an error to suppose that the brighter view of the world is the best for those who live in the world.

Since "the Creator is the creature's home" the motives for doing what we do to attain this true home are considered in the conclusion of the work. These motives are two in number: duty and love. The latter is regarded far superior to the former. That is, duty for the sake of love; not love for the sake of duty. Still, he says, either is, theologically, a true motive; but by acting wholly from a sense of duty, the true

motive of duty may not have fair play, especially with young persons. In some of his illustrations he states that the duty principle sails well only in fine weather; that it has not the same blessings as love; that it leads to scruples;

and above all that God Himself acts from love out conformity to Himself, and not from a sense of duty. Thereupon the treatise concludes with a sublime peroration on the greatness of God.

FRANK J. KOCH, '97.



HOME.

There is no spot on this fair earth
So dear to me as home;
'Tis where I love to spend my hours,
'Tis where I love to roam.

Amid the scenes of childhood haunts
Where all was gay and bright,
Where nature seemed to govern all,
And all was sweet delight.

And later on in manhood's strife
When wrestling for the palm,
'Twas love of home that urged me on
And shielded me from harm.

Then, home, sweet home, my dear old home,
I love thee as of yore;
Thy seed of love has taken root
Deep into my heart's core.

But there is yet another spot
Far brighter still than this,
The home where my Creator reigns,
The home of perfect bliss.

Where all the joys are lasting joys,
Where troubles have no reign;
Where sable darkness never broods
And all is free from pain.

'Tis where the angel guardian dwells
That watches day and night,
Protecting me from stain of sin
And guides me on to right.

Then take me in thy loving care
When death's cold hand draws nigh,
And wing me to that blissful home
That lies beyond the sky.

EDWARD J. MUNGOVAN, '97.



MUSIC AND LITERATURE.

Music reveals and characterizes a nation more truthfully and forcibly than literature. Both are the expression of its thought; both are vehicles of the soul of an individual and that of a nation; literature, as the speech of the mind; music, as the language of the soul. The expression of the soul in music is more spontaneous, more natural, more earnest, than in literature, and as Marion Crawford, whose remarks on music in his works I think peculiarly happy and correct, intimates, music commands far greater resources and offers to the soul more facilities for expression than our vocabulary; therefore the soul expresses itself more truly and more clearly in the former than in the latter.

In proof of this statement let us examine the music of the different nations. Let us begin with America. We are a cosmopolitan people and as such cannot at present boast of a distinctly national music worthy of the name. However, we need not believe the contemptuous remarks regarding our music and musical taste of some European musicians who are too haughty and too prejudiced to acknowledge good wherever found. Our reception of European artists, of Paderewski for instance, has more than sufficiently shown that we are susceptible of the power of music; we are therefore a musical people despite other dominant traits of our character. Our efforts in music are gropings after the exciting, the pleasing; in our well known eagerness we do not stop to create something that is to be peculiarly our own and our lasting possession, but

we take flowers from the rich gardens of Europe and transplant them into our soil where in course of time they undergo a change and become apparently indigenous. Such is and will be the music of America, somewhat perplexing in its nature in so far as it does not admit of a concise definition; nevertheless very characteristic of the American people.

Passing over to Europe, we first invade the land of Erin. It forms but a corner of the large and magnificent garden which we are about to enter. One must not expect to find a grand floral display at the extreme end of a park, but the violets placed there are not overlooked by a lover of flowers. The music of Ireland is likewise worthy of our attention. In judging it one must not consider modern Irish dance music which is but the joyous utterances of an Irishman who coming from the Emerald Isle or the penal colonies of Australia sights the land of the free. One must study the ancient Irish ballads, of which the modern Kathleen Mavourneen maybe considered an echo. It is tender, soulful, passionate, and withal joyous. Music can only flourish in a rich soil—human nature. It needs much cultivation which can only be given it if the useful arts do not require all the energies of a nation, and lastly it needs plenty of sunshine and calm. It cannot endure the storms of adversity. Irish soil is indeed favorable to music, but the cold blast from the East has chilled the tender plant when it had just budded forth.

At the period when England was the

region from which the Puritans like Aeolus of old sent out the storms which have wrecked many a voyager on the sea of life and destroyed almost every species of art, it was no more the "Merrie England" of the time when Caedmon sang to the people. But with the gradual return of the spirit of those times the English people began to express themselves in music. The music of England is that of Handel, for it is the English who sung, understood, and revered this great Anglo-German. It is majestic, solemn without ornament. John Field's Nottunos are tranquil, musing; and Balte's operas are strongly dramatic with a tinge of romance.

The two last named qualities are the characteristics of French music. Fascinating by its brilliancy, exciting in theme and rythm, French compositions attain a wave of popularity which if it overflows the boundaries of France frequently recedes. Though intensely dramatic, their fondness for the *opera comique* easily drifts them into farcical—elegantly vulgar,—one might call it as in the case of Offenbach whose triumphs in France and partial success in Germany are called a disgrace to our times by a critic who is loath to censure. But the aesthetically true and beautiful always regains the ascendancy. Gounod reveals to us many admirable traits of the French people, some of which are shared by their southern neighbors, Italy and Spain.

Spanish music, which is also the music of Mexico and the South-American republics, without claiming to bear the mark of a people of genius is essentially romantic, often ardently devotional. As regards the Italians, all admit that they are an intensely musical people. Their music, too, is the expression of their soul; but is it a true and high art?

The musical giants of the classical period, who must be allowed to have fathomed the deep, all pervading power, and the mysterious nature of music, have said no. Be this as it may, Italian music, nevertheless, expresses the mirthful, passionate, and enthusiastic Italian.

Let us now turn to the masters of the tone art, the Germans, whose deep musical learning and overtowering genius evinced in the epic, lyric, and dramatic walks of this art has created monumental works, which the world will ever listen to in rapturous awe. In no other art has genius found such a natural and powerful outlet as in music. Hearing Beethoven's symphonies one is impressed with the idea that this man comprehended the creation of the universe and understood the laws that govern it. A people evincing such powerful musical conceptions and evolving them in the highest art must possess a mighty intellect and great productive and inventive powers. A strong and simple piety is the characteristic of their church-music; a most tender and expressive lyric that of the German music in general; the dramatic element of their nature has been brought out with the greatest vehemence by Wagner; in fact, every motion of the heart, every aspiration of the soul, has been expressed by the musical prodigies of the Germanic nations. The assertion that German soil having yielded such an abundant harvest is now effete, is devoid of proof. Any one acquainted with the latest musical productions of the contemporaneous German composers will admit that they are as original in conception as the gems of Mozart. The deep under-current which feeds this ever bubbling fountain will not cease flowing until the German nature has undergone a radical change.

It has been remarked, too, and with some truth, that it is not the Germans but the Slavs, who carry the art of playing, notably that of playing the piano, to the possibly highest perfection. This gives at once a key to the Slavonic nature. It is a mixture of mirth and melancholy, capable of changing from the extreme of the one into the depth of the other in a moment and also touch all the gradations between the two. Their imagination is unbounded and their feeling intensely dramatic, two other qualities of a performer. Posterity, however, but seldom places wreaths on the graves of virtuosi; their musical powers would have been lost, as those of the gypsies, but for German direction. The reason that Vienna, except during the period of the Leipzig and Weimar ascendancy, has always been the centre of musical fame, seems to lie in the fact that a blending of the Slavonic with the German nature, which is more easily effected there, produces such wonderful results.

In the music of the Northern nations, Sweden, Denmark, and Northern Russia, we find another example of the superior

power of music in interpreting the emotions and longings of a people. Within the last decade or two they have had men of genius, who have drawn true and exquisite tone-pictures expressing the joys and sorrows of these Northerners. Gade's grand "Nachklaenge aus Ossian" is at the same time but an expression of the lyrically poetic nature which his countrymen have in common with the Scotch bard.

However, one cannot communicate the truth of these statements by writing, because music addresses itself directly to the ear. Notes, indeed, represent sound more forcibly to the reader than do written words in literature, which according to Cardinal Newman primarily addresses itself to the ear, not to the eye; but in order to be understood and appreciated "this most beautiful revelation of God," as Goethe calls it, must be heard. Any one who is acquainted with the music of the different nations will admit that, as an expression of the soul of a nation, folksong and a people's music in general are far superior to its legends and literature.

ARNOLD WEYMAN. '97.



HOW HE WAS PROMOTED.

Sometime ago at an impromptu gathering of ex-Confederate veterans, a comparatively young man with the title of Major told the following story of the event which caused his promotion to that rank.

"When the tocsin of the late Civil War was sounded, I was leading the easy and peaceful life of an only son of a well to do planter on the Tennessee river, Tennessee. When the strife commenced I was fired with patriotism. After my native state had seceded, I

immediately left home, started for Richmond, Va., and upon my arrival there offered my services to the Southern Cause.

On account of the little knowledge of military tactics I had obtained from private study, I was given the rank of Second Lieutenant and assigned to active field-service; and by the latter part of the year of eighteen-hundred and sixty-three I had risen to the rank of Captain of a troop of cavalry.

About this time I thought of spend-

ing the approaching Christmas at home. As I previously stated, I had seen some hard campaigning of late, and it had been nearly three years since I left home; I easily obtained a furlough of two weeks, which was to take effect on the twenty-first day of December. On the morning of that day I left the headquarters; and by Christmas Eve I arrived safe at home.

There I found things greatly changed since my departure. The whole place seemed to have a deserted and neglected air hanging about it; although this feeling was somewhat lessened by the philosophical manner in which my mother and father bore their misfortunes. All the negroes had run away, my servant Erastus included, with the exception of Jim and Dinah and their daughter Ruth. However, my observations around home were checked for the time being by a blast from a horn which summoned me to what I think was the best meal I ever ate.

After supper father, mother, and myself, sat around a large fire-place and discussed the various events which had taken place in the several preceding years. We retired about eleven o'clock, and I was under the impression that this night would be the first for some time in which I could retire without any cause to think that before the dawn of day I might be called to duty. I was mistaken on this score, however; for, on account of some reason or other, I could not sleep. While I was anticipating the pleasures of the morrow, I was startled from my reveries by the barking and baying of a few fox-hounds my father kept. I jumped from my bed, cautiously raised the window and peeped out. It was not moon-light; but it was sufficiently light to discern an obscure object on the lower limbs of a tree, about twenty-five or

thirty yards away from me; the dogs stood at the base of the tree and barked. By this time my father came into my room; and while both of us were observing the figure, we learned the object to be a negro from the sound of his voice while he was attempting to pacify the hounds.

At length my father demanded an explanation from the intruder, while at the same time we kept close to the wall for fear that the person might shoot. But we received the following reply which greatly relieved us: "Don't shoot, Massa; I's a runaway nigger, but I'se got some impo'tant news." We at once recognized the voice of Erastus, my former servant. Father immediately called the dogs and urged Erastus to make known the object of his visit. He gave us the following information. There was a company of Federal infantry of which he was a member encamped a short distance away. The commander had been informed of my arrival. It was his intention to march up and surround the house with fourteen men about 4 A. M. and capture me.

My father and I were astonished and we stood silent for a few minutes. Then we called Erastus, but he had fled immediately after telling his story. Suddenly I thought of a plan to capture the would-be-capturers; and I proposed the following scheme to father. I would bridle and saddle my horse and immediately leave for Middleton, a village about fifteen miles distant, where a few companies of Confederate troops were stationed; and return, if possible, in time to capture the "Yankees." Meanwhile my father was to chain the dogs in their kennels, for they might betray our approach; and he should remove all traces of my visit.

By eleven thirty I had started on my

trip, and arrived at Middleton at one thirty A. M. without any extraordinary adventures. I rode straightway to the barracks and made my first stop only when I had reached the lines, and was halted by the picket guard. Whereupon I presented my credentials as Captain in Confederate service, and demanded an immediate interview with the commanding officer. This request was soon granted; and it was but the work of a few moments to tell my story and arouse a troop of horses; so that before two A. M. I was on my way homeward leading a company which would surprise the enemy to a greater extent than they had intended to surprise me. In the meanwhile my father had acted his part of the plan, and again quietness reigned at home, until about four A. M. when my father was brought to the door by the hallooing of several men. He asked them who they were and what they wished. He was told that they had been informed that he was sheltering a Confederate officer, and of course he told them if such was the case he was not aware of it; but he bid them enter and see for themselves, at the same time opening the door. Then three officers entered to make fruitless search; while the remaining twelve men surrounded the house.

After they had searched everywhere, they demanded that food be prepared for them, and their demand was complied with as quickly as possible. Dinah and Ruth were awakened and in a short time a meal consisting of the best the larder afforded was prepared for them. Then the hungry men on the outside of the house entered also and soon all were busily engaged in creating havoc among the victuals.

The house being situated on an eminence above the surrounding territory,

my companions and I could see at a distance the light flit about the house during the search. We spurred our horses onward and arrived there shortly after they had entered the house. Whereupon we reconnoitered to see if they had left a guard and we discovered to our great satisfaction they had not. After a hasty consultation we surrounded the house, headed by fourteen picked men every one of them with a cocked revolver in each hand, and at the given signal we threw the door open, every man walking up and covering his man on the opposite side, at the same time demanding "Hands up!" The plan worked to perfection. The "Yankees" were so surprised that they offered no resistance whatsoever; and they were quickly disarmed and put under guard. The camp of the remainder of the company was captured with as much ease but the life of Erastus was greatly endangered, for my men wished to deal according to the custom by which all negroes were dealt with if they were captured in company with the Federal troops, to shoot them. But after considerable explanation I convinced them of the fact that Erastus was my own property; and his life was spared. The remainder of the company was marched to the nearest prison; and I suppose they spent a dreary Christmas.

That Christmas dinner was rather a frugal one for father, mother, and myself, on account of our morning's visitors; but it was a happy day for me, for I enjoyed that satisfied frame of mind which a person enjoys after having performed a duty promptly and well.

When at the expiration of my furlough I returned to duty I was promoted to the rank of Major, in which capacity I served until the close of the war."

JOHN PATRICK BURKE, '00

BLOOD POISON.

Following is an extract from the far-famed romance "Blood Poison," by Mr. Vagrans Mythologicus, the renowned author of the celebrated novel known all over the civilized globe by the famous title "Le Philosophe Ecervele." We give it to the public with the purpose that our readers may be able to form a faint idea of the Author's superior ability happily to combine the sublimity of the raging elements and the calmer beauties of nature; for which reason we would earnestly recommend the work in question for careful study to every student of rhetoric and literature.

"During the afternoon of the thirty-first of November in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight-hundred and ninety-nine our earth was visited by a dread nocturnal gale. The storm raged with utmost vehemence, huge hail stones were incessantly creating havoc among the stained-glass windows in the watch-tower of the ancient historic castle, Dream-Grotto. Outdoors the blustering north wind fiercely howling through the leafless pines and the nude branches of the oaks seemed like unto the mysterious whisper of the Druids. A gentle zephyr swept along carrying with it the ambrosian fragrance of hyacinths, heliotropes, mangel-wurzels, and other autumnal spring-flowers. Ghastly frowning clouds covered the angry heavens while the silvery moon smiled down with naivete on the dreary earth buried in profoundest silence beneath her feet.

"For several hours the snow was already drifting into masses of pyramidal shape and dimension. Serpentine strokes of lightning continually broke

forth from out of the shaggy clouds. Nightingales had already intuned their morning hymns and by the volume and pitch of their delicate tunes, by long solemn ferial cadences, by thrilling trebles, and by the variety of their melodies seemed to vie with one another for the prize. Suddenly heaven's artillery charged, a stroke of lightning clove the cerulean vault, penetrated the calm midnight air, and vented its rage on the lightning rod of the above mentioned stately castle. Amid cries of "Fire, Fire!" its panic-stricken inmates rushed out of their peaceful mansion. The moon smiled with complacency on this scene of terror; the numberless glittering stars added to the loveliness of the whole. The mute silence of the stormy November night was not interrupted by a single sound save the continuous crashes of thunder.

"No soul was near that might have roused the inmates of the famous castle, who lay still unconscious in the arms of Orpheus, though in imminent danger of being devoured by the raging element without even so much as knowing it. Another glaring peal of lightning flashed upon the burning castle and struck the highest living being save the weather-flag—the watchman in the tower. The poor creature thus startled from his delicious reveries was so terrified by the unexpected event that his pedestals even to the uttermost extremities were thrown into vehement convulsions. His last glance fell upon the purple evening sun which was just setting in the amber west and then fell into a state of unconsciousness. When he recovered himself—all over."

EUSEBIUS M. WALTER, '97.

A DREAM.

T'was New-Year's night; my mind in musings tossed
Of bygone days that long the threshold crossed,
Of the ebbing year whose course is almost run.
Thus fancy played, her threads long onward spun.
The body sought its rest, sweet sleep ensued;
But fancy's restlessness was not subdued.
So on she sped to some utopian shore
Of boundless realms, there far and wide to soar
Until she found some spot to her delight;
With keenest eye she scann'd the landscape sight,
And quick return'd to her terrestrial home,
To paint the scenes before her master's throne.

With sprightly mien she to my mind disclosed
Unheard-of lands, where naught but pilgrims roam
Through vast domains; all seek the same dear home.
The way is long with danger interposed.
At equal points large gates which we call "Years"
Obstruct the way through which they all must pass
Without regard to order, wealth or class.
Before each gate an angel guide appears
Who points the way, the pilgrim onward cheers,
If help he asks and to his aim adheres.

With utmost haste sped on the pilgrim band;
No rest, no peace, incessant onward toil.
Scarce had the throng passed through one destined gate
The guard appeared, the heavy hinges grate:
The "Year" is closed, and with a look sublime
He flung the key into the gulf of time.

Just then a shock aroused me from my sleep
And brought my mind to this terrestrial stay.
'Tis New-Years's morn. guns greet the first new day,
And midnight-bells proclaim with voices deep
That another year exposed its dismal stage
And turned a leaf on history's checkered page.
The future, yes, the future faces me
With thoughts of woe, with hours of passing glee.

These musings deep again sweet slumber brought,
Yet fancy played upon her former thought

And brought me back to her aerial land.
 No more was seen the passing pilgrim band,
 And out of sight the pilgrim's noble guide;
 The gate through which they passed was opened wide.

A golden note sweet fancy now espied
 Upon the gate enscribed with boldest hand,
 But rich and clear—it is the pilgrims' guide:
 Before you tread the future unknown land
 Be well prepared for trials on every side;
 For deadly beasts in lurking places hide
 And woe to him who uses not his arms
 And does not scorn their fascinating charms.
 Be on your guard, some roam these vast domains,
 The shady groves, the rich and level plains.
 But they will fly, if you but go your way.
 Let not the scenes, the sparkling waters' spray,
 Umbrageous boughs, enticing ripened fruits
 Lead you away. Beware the lurking brutes.

Use well your time, let not deluding joys
 Lead you astray, for all contain alloys.
 Ne'er courage lose, but let your motto be:
 I will succeed although adversity
 Besets my path with ev'ry treacherous snare
 I'll smile upon its vain and shrewd attempt;
 My home I'll reach, with former comrades share,
 O happy thought! from ev'ry toil exempt,
 The victor's crown, by having manly braved
 The many dangers and myself thus saved.

Again I heard the boom of New-Year guns,
 The dream is o'er, the thought still onward runs;
 'Twas but a dream, yet full of striking thought:
 "The pilgrim's land" is but a vale of tears,
 Of endless woes. "The deadly brutes" are naught
 But sensual sin that to our race adheres,
 Temptations strong, the world's alluring joys;
 Yes, man himself, the demon oft employs.
 But let us learn the words; the golden words,
 Enscribed so clear upon the mentioned gate;
 Let them ring forth and strike such strong accords
 That ere they die, our aim they'll elevate;
 And best we'll play upon our destined stage
 The greatest *role*, our earthly pilgrimage.

VICTOR J. SCHARF, '97.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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During the Scholastic Year by the Students.

OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

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✍ The object of this paper is not to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary college journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students, in the interest of the students, and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the COLLEGIAN from students' parents and friends, who cannot but take a lively concern in the general advancement of those dear to them at college.

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EDITORIAL.

Two very important affairs, the semi-annual examinations and the annual Triduum will have engaged the attention of the students by the time this issue appears. The semi-annual examinations were till now conducted orally, the entire Faculty being present at the examination of each class. It was believed, however, that each student's knowledge and abilities could be ascertained

more accurately if all were required to answer the same questions in writing. According to this plan, therefore, after some days' skirmishing in oral repetitions, the battle will be fought with pens. We trust the examinations have brought laurels to many and disgrace to none. By this time, too, the retreat will have been held and the use we have made of the precious hours placed to our credit or discredit in the eternal archives of Heaven. The field-day exercises set forth the physical abilities of the athlete; the class room or public examinations bring to light the mental capacity of the student; while the spiritual retreat reveals to the young man the true condition of his soul and the moral worth of his character. Of these three events in the life of a college student, the latter is, unquestionably, the most important; in as much as the spiritual is above the material, and the eternal above the temporal.

While the article "Music and Literature" in the present issue of the *Collegian* was already being printed, the November number of the *Dial*, which had been mislaid, came under our notice and claimed our attention by reason of the highly suggestive and thought-provoking Editorial "Literature and Sound." If we understood the author's conception of the sound of literature, he wishes to say that in order to understand the full import of a piece of literature we should try to realize how the sentiments and ideas expressed therein echoed in the author's own breast and how *he* would have read it aloud—in other words, we should try to understand what constitutes the spirit or soul of literature.

This sound in literature shows the

intimate union between literature and music. These two arts should not be separated because they go hand in hand, and one in turn is the hand-maid of the other. Although thus intimately united, each has its own field of expression, and as such we fail to see why that of music should be so "very, very small" in comparison to that of literature. One cannot well determine the exact capabilities of expression for each, least of all, those of music. If Literature commands greater means for the expression of ideas, which it certainly does, the power to communicate them directly to the *soul* of man is greater with music.

Music raises the emotion with the thought. Schubert's Erl-King, for instance, expresses the moonlight-ride, the anxiety of the father, the anguish of the boy, and the import of the words spoken, far more clearly and intensely than Goethe's poem. Music is not merely emotion; it expresses principles and ideas. Berlioz and Wagner studied Byron and Goethe, realized their conceptions, and taught them to the world by means of music. This fact is verified in Beethoven's Eroica, when he describes the tottering and the fall of the old institutions, and in his Symphonies which recount the struggles of man; and by Wagner whose aim is well known to have been the introduction of a new school of thought by means of music. He composed his own librettos merely to serve as an index to the ideas expressed in his music.

It is only because music is so very mysterious that an index is needed in order to comprehend it; being once understood, we realize the truths expressed to be truths indeed. Still we admit that as a means of communicating ideas, whether concrete or abstract, literature is by far superior to music; but we will

not concede the superiority of literature in expressing "all the emotions that go to make up human nature." Music expresses the human heart with far greater intensity and with more faithfulness than does literature. Compare the emotion communicated by the reading of a Wagner libretto, highly poetic and dramatic though they are, with the intensity and variety of the sensations experienced during the performance of the opera, and one will understand the truth of this assertion. All the faculties of the soul are completely satisfied; one is not any more conscious of possessing them. No drama of Shakespeare can produce a like effect.

That all men do not feel these sensations to such a degree does not prove anything to the contrary; nor are all moved alike by a Shakesperian performance. The emotion of the music communicates itself unconsciously; one may not be aware of the precise nature of the sensation, but it is felt nevertheless. The words are but the key; the imagination is excited and all the emotions are conveyed by the music. But because the gift of fathoming and feeling the powers and capabilities of music without any key whatever is only given to a few, and cannot be wholly acquired even by a life's study and training, it is necessary to associate literature with music as much as possible. We derive therefrom a twofold advantage; we learn to understand the literature of music, i. e. the conceptions and ideas underlying a musical composition, and realize also far more easily and fully the *sound* of literature without which, as the author of the above mentioned Editorial well expresses it, we can only admire the casket but have no key to unlock the treasure which it contains.

EXCHANGES.

Many are the exchanges before us. Our *escritoire* is laden with papers and college journals, representatives from every quarter, and in our dilemma we are at a loss to decide which ones to mention among our notices.

Taking a random glance over the Christmas numbers, one in particular strikes our eyes and in its dun garb makes a striking contrast with the other exchanges vested so trim and Christmas-like. One could not infer from its gloomy cover the bright intellectual feast that lies within. In this number, among the notices, there is one containing an invective remark which is apparently applied to us, and its obloquy made us query why the ex-man of *The Abbey Student* should assume such a hostile attitude towards us. But if he rereads his remark, he will find that the dart of criticism which was aimed at one who by its cognomen is closely allied to us, incidentally struck "one of them" (viz., the Collegians,) as that vivacious mentor of the *St. Mary's Record* is bound to have it.

The high average of merits attached to the preceding issues of the *Holy Cross Purple* is praiseworthy. Judging from the standard of the articles found therein, we have sufficient cause at once to stamp the subsequent numbers as guarantees of excellence and worth. It is surprising and indeed to be regretted that this extremely interesting college organ does not coincide with the contemporary college papers. Herefore, in this scholastic year, we have observed among its exchanges a goodly number of remarks for secular maga-

zines, some sparse notices for Catholic publications, but as yet we have not met with one single critical estimate of college journalism. Is it not from superiors that inferior ones look up to for good, wholesome criticism, a counterbalance of praise and censure, as a goad for their progress? As it is surely in their power to give criticism to their exchanges, why withhold it from them? Viewing the *Purple* as a journal hailing from a college, would it be unreasonable or indecorously presuming for us to remark that it partakes strongly of an outre tenor, that is, it is out of its common course or limits in two respects. In our mind college papers should take a living interest in school spirit, societies, organizations, and also note the progress of other college publications. To see the *Purple* lay aside its mantle of dignity and at least to open a regular exchange column is our earnest advice.

The editors of the *Leaflets from Loretto* have been either particularly sagacious or very fortunate in the tasteful selection of the character, arrangement, and disposition of their journal. Its neatness commends itself to the readers. In our opinion the *Leaflets from Loretto* show work of much intrinsic worth and evince talent of a high order. They are full of spirit and vivacity, and contain much and pretty composition, never rising perhaps into the powerful, yet seldom falling below the commonplace. The Christmas number is on our table, and we are pleased in commending the make-up, both the typographical and symmetrical neatness of the *Leaflets*. The frontispiece is literally a calotype of

editorial staff and shows that the personnel of fair editors are ladies possessing qualities which mark a rare cultivated taste and ability to edit a paper that is not lacking in positive merit, for the majority of the previous issues seems to be above the average standard of papers of the day published by young ladies. The writer of the leading article, "As You Like It," shows that she is well acquainted with Shakespeare's most genial production. With vividness and force and full contrast she brings out

the features of the personalities of this comedy whose characters are so artistically delineated. In another article the dramatic features are not less happily portrayed, and the character of "Macbeth" is most gracefully and handsomely drawn. The short essays, poems, and Christmas stories are nicely conceived and well executed. We wish that the *Leaflets* would hearken to our advice and frequent us more often by appearing monthly.

I. F. Z.



ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

I have just returned from a city called *Acquapendente*, and have made up my mind to take occasion from this journey to send you a little communication.

One of the most cherished devotions among the Italian people is that of the Immaculate Conception of the B. Virgin. The Faithful love to prepare themselves for the celebration of the great feast, Dec. 8th, by special prayers to be said during the nine days preceding that festival. In very many cities and parishes this seems even too little for pious Christians. They call for a series of daily sermons or a mission in some places during the Novena. Consequently, this is a very busy time for the Fathers of our Community.

As to myself, it was my good luck to be called to hold the Novena in the ancient Cathedral of *Acquapendente*, situated on the extreme northern boundary of the Roman Province. In ancient times it was known by the name of *Aquesium*, from *Demurius Aquesius*,

the founder; later on it was called *Acula*, and finally *Acquapendente* (declining waters,) as there is a little waterfall close by. The famous *Via Cassia*,—the "short line" from Florence to Rome—runs through the centre of this city. Here it was where Pius VII. took a brief rest on his way to exile, and on his return he dwelt a number of days in the very same Bishop's residence in which I had the honor to abide during my short stay.

In a richly carved and ornamented niche above the main altar of the Cathedral there is kept a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Mother of God, concealed behind a splendid curtain and two profusely gilded doors. It is very seldom exposed to public view. I saw it only on three occasions; namely, during the Pontifical Vespers, Dec. 7th, and during the morning and afternoon service of the 8th.

Those genteel citizens truly love their Heavenly Mother, as could be seen by large crowds hurrying every day to the

Cathedral, despite the inclemency of the season, and every day surrounding the tribunal of penance and the altar-railings.

While this display of devotion to the B. Virgin greatly consoled me, I found another source of satisfaction in discovering that our own devotion—to the Precious Blood of Our Savior—was largely spread among those faithful, and zealously fostered by two pious Clergymen, who have the faculty of enrolling persons in our Confraternity.

The "Pious Union" of the Precious Blood was established many years ago, and appropriately in that Cathedral; as this church is dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord, and in the basement, which dates back to the 8th century, there is an accurate imitation of the holy grave of Jerusalem. Inscriptions placed inside and at the entrance of this venerable place, refer to two marble slabs on which there are vestiges of blood stains. They were shown to me.

You have read about the famous miracle of Bolsena (1263,) which is recorded by one of the wonderful frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican, and which determined Urban IV. to appoint the feast of *Corpus Christi*, and indeed the citizens of Orvieto to build their marvelously beautiful Cathedral where the blood-stained corporal is kept.

On my way home I had a fine chance to visit Bolsena, and to behold the treasures of the church of Santa Christina in that city; namely, three portions of the marble pavement sprinkled with the blood that miraculously had issued forth from the Sacred Host and dropped

on the floor as the terrified priest was retiring in great hurry from the altar. I had already seen the corporal of Orvieto three years ago, but what I saw at Bolsena pleased me more, as I could notice very plainly in several of the prodigious drops the image of Our Savior as *Ecce Homo*, and as an Infant. The city of Bolsena is built on the shore of an ominous lake, an extinct crater of a volcano, measuring 36 Italian miles in circumference. This large body of water with its two little islands presents a charming view from the heights through which the *Via Cassia* wends. But it is surprising that no steamers are to be seen thereon; in fact, I could not discover as much as one fisher boat or canoe, although I have no doubt that there are more than a few, as there is good fishing.

With regard to Acquapendente, I may remark two more things. The first that our present Superior-General, the Very Rev. Aloysius Biaschelli, has been Rector of that Diocesan Seminary. The second that the people, even the illiterate speak a very fine and select Italian, as they live so near the boundary of Tuscany where the *dolce suono* according to Dante is spoken.

Christmas day will be over by the time these lines reach you. Yet I wish to assure you and the Rev. Fathers at the College as well as the Students and the Brothers, that I shall remember all in my feeble prayers during the holy season, imploring the Lord that theirs be a truly Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in the full extent of the word.

JOSEPH SCHAEFER, C. PP. S.
Rome, Via Poli 1., Dec. 13, 1896.

FATHER HENNEBERRY'S LECTURE.

The Columbian Literary Society has much reason to feel satisfied over the success of its efforts towards establishing a course of lectures at the college, several members of the Faculty having consented to speak at suitable times on subjects which they may elect. What all these topics will be, we are at present unable to state.

The society was hardly prepared, however, for the sudden initiation of the series which came unexpectedly through the kindness of one of our recent visitors, the Very Rev. Patrick Henneberry, Provincial C. PP. S. of California. Father Henneberry is one of the oldest priests of the Community and during his time has attained great success as a missionary, having labored in that capacity not only in most of the states in the Union, but also in Hawaii, New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, Australia, British India, England, and Ireland. Upon solicitation he consented to speak on some phases of missionary life and brilliantly fulfilled his promise after the rendition of the following selections given in his honor in the auditorium:

Twilight Hours,—Rathbone,

. College Military Band.

Fancy Sword Drill, B. C. G.

Neu-Wien,—Strauss, Orchestra.

Kathleen Mauvourneen, arranged by Herman for piano and violin, by Messrs.

A. Weyman and P. Steiert.

Introductory Address, . . . Pres. Connelly.

The Reverend Father modestly re-

fused to allow his address to be called a "lecture," saying it would be only a "talk," but the manner in which he proceeded to narrate his experiences convinces us that it deserves full right to the higher title.

Commencing with an account of his work in our own country in 1853 during the memorable cholera plague, he skillfully transported his audience to the Islands of the Pacific, New Zealand, and Australia, and from thence to the countries of the eastern hemisphere; lighting up the path with stories both instructive and humorous, until in the space of two hours they had journeyed in mind over almost the entire globe. We regret that we are unable to give even a complete summary of the lecture, as we know it would prove most interesting to the readers of the COLLEGIAN.

Of special interest were Father Henneberry's remarks on the savage and cannibal tribes of the Pacific; and on the gentler and more intellectual Maoris who, we were told, are very poetic both in their own speech and in their tastes. Missionaries to be successful have to compose their catechisms and even their sermons in verse of the Maoris language—a point which, by the way, coincides remarkably with the precedence of verse over prose in the early period of a people and its literature. His revelations on the condition of women in India were instructive if not pleasing, and words on the Boers enabled us to apprehend what must be the present

condition of affairs in the Transvaal. The Boers have always possessed an inbred hatred towards the English, and, as all who speak that language are English to them, American travelers and missionaries are often roughly handled by the suspicious colonists. Father Henneberry's chief reason for remembering them was occasioned by such a mistake. During an overland ride through the country on an English mail-wagon the native drivers made it

impossible for him and his companions to obtain any food whatsoever, until their wits as well as their appetites having been whetted by three days' fasting, they finally succeeded by stratagem in obtaining something to eat.

All were highly delighted over the evening's entertainment and join us in thanking Father Henneberry for his rare treat and in hoping that he may be able to visit us soon again.




PERSONALS.

Father Leopold Linder, C. PP. S., a former member of the Faculty, now of Union City, Ind., was with us on the 12th.

Mr. J. F. Cogan, '96 has again taken up the study of philosophy at Mt. St. Mary's, Cincinnati, O. He has entirely recovered from his illness which had compelled him to discontinue his seminary course last October.

Very Rev. Provincial Henry Drees, C. PP. S., and the Rev. Consultors, C. PP. S.; B. Dickman, A. Seifert, A. Gietl, B. Boebner, were assembled in conference at Collegeville during the Christmas holidays.

Rev. Raphael Schmaus, C. PP. S., for several years a member of the Faculty, is still staying in Europe. His health has not been greatly improved by the change.

It is with pleasure that we welcome the addition of two new names to the list of St. Joseph's students. Mr. John Wessell of Ft. Wayne, Ind. and Mr. Ed-

mund Wills of South Bend, Ind. have made many friends since their arrival.

Affection for Alma Mater is still warm in the hearts of the former students of St. Joseph's; but none bears kindlier feelings toward her than Mr. Joseph Sulzer of Chillicothe, O. During his stay here he was one of our brightest and most diligent students. He has sent his subscription for the COLLEGIAN which shows the great interest he takes in affairs at this place. Success to you, Joe.

The many friends of Prof. Chas. Hemmersbach, our former instructor of music, will be pleased to know that he finds life in Vienna highly pleasant. It appears that this city is now as much the Mecca of musicians as at the time of Beethoven; nearly all the famous composers of the present time reside there, and, as a result, music is at its highest in every respect. Mr. Hemmersbach has sent flowers from the graves of the old masters who have their resting-place in Vienna. Students of music, especially, prize this gift very highly. Many thanks, Professor, for your kindness.

Our students all returned at the end of their Christmas vacation in excellent

spirits and indulged in the usual round of greetings and in relating their holiday experiences, but among the merry throng one familiar face was missing. "Where's Roth?" was the word that echoed through the inquiring ranks. All wondered at his long delay, but wonder was exchanged for grief when a few days later we learned by letter that Mr. Roth had injured himself in a shooting accident, losing a part of his index-finger. We sincerely sympathize with Mr. Roth and earnestly hope this accident may not prevent his following his loved vocation, and we trust he may soon return to his studies and to the circle of his admiring friends at Collegeville.

Most of the Rev. members of the Faculty spent the greater part of their Christmas vacation away from home. Our Rector, Rev. Augustine Seifert, C. PP. S., lectured at Sedalia, Mo. during the holidays; Rev. Benedict Boebner, C. PP. S., spent vacation at Sydney, O.; Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, at Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. Clement Schuette, at Ft. Recovery, O.; Rev. Chrysostom Hummer, at Michigan City, Ind.; Rev. Maximilian Walz, at Crawfordsville, Ind.; Rev. Bonaventure Sommerhaeuser, at Celina, O.; Rev. Eugene Grim, at Hammond, Ind.; Rev. Mark Hamburger, at Peru, Ind.; Rev. Paulinus Trost remained at Collegeville during the holidays.

We announce with deep regret that Father Stanislas Neiberg, who has been with us since the College first opened, will leave for Sedalia, Mo. at the beginning of the second term, to take charge of the Sacred Heart Church in that city. Father Alphons Grussi will be his successor at the College.

It is with pleasure that we learned of the success of Mr. Edward Koenig, '96, in his recent appearance before the

footlights. He essayed some of the principal *roles* in an entertainment given by his parish church in his native city, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Ed was remarkably popular on the boards at College, and we are not therefore surprised at his success among the local talents at home.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

The Aloysians thank Mr. Hilary Lueke for various improvements made in the reading-room.

The same society wishes to express its thanks to Rev. Stanislas Neiberg for the interesting donations made to their museum.

Our gallant Captain of the Confederates informs us that two years ago on New-Years's night he stayed up from eve till morn and witnessed the whole change.

The "grads" are now repairing their strength to make one grand final effort in order to reach that prize so tantalizingly held out before their gaze. May they all succeed is our hearty wish to the class of '97.

The gymnasium hall in the basement is often during these dull winter evenings the scene of merry gyrations of Trilby feet and flying coat-tails, while the two Temotheuses on their elevated seats drive the whirlers into frenzied opposition with the mute iron pillars.

Our genial prefects are not only "on-to" the boys, as the expression has it, but are onto the finesse of the frisky hare. This was certainly verified by Mr. Daniels a few days ago when he returned from the chase with eight cotton-

tails dangling from his sides. The same day Mr. Bessinger brought home seven and Mr. Greive two.

On January 2nd. Donatus Schulte of the southside study-hall left us for his home Minster, O., on account of ill health. The same day Meinrad Koester, who for the same cause had been absent from College exactly a year, returned from St. Louis, Mo., and filled the vacated place.

The few members of the C. L. S. who spent the holidays at the College have fully shown that they know how to appreciate their time as well as the treasures of our library. The Columbian reading room was scarcely at any hour entirely forsaken; during the long evenings it was frequented more than ever.

When the various members of the A. L. S. that spent their vacation at home returned, they brought with them several interesting books to present to the society library. Mr. Hatfield donated the following books: "Cast up by the Sea;" "Kidnapped;" and "Robinson Crusoe." Mr. Laibe, "The Johnstown Flood" and "Life of General Sherman." Zeno Yaeckle, C. PP. S., presented them "Little Followers of Jesus," a very interesting and instructive book.

On New-Year's day we had the honor and pleasure of hearing a beautiful sermon from the lips of the Very Rev. Henry Drees, C. PP. S. He explained in a few words the duties of a Catholic student and promised every one a "very happy New-Year on condition that he would observe three points: "cherish religion, cultivate the intellect, and take care of his bodily health." Father Henry being obliged to depart the next day left his best regards to all the students of St. Joseph's.

On January the 19, '97 the A. L. S. had their semi-annual election. Following is the result:

President,.....	Master R. Peelle.
Vice-President,...	" E. Kiely.
Secretary,.....	" E. Schweitzer.
Treasurer,.....	" C. Rohrkemper.
Librarian and Editor	" H. Kalvelage.
Marshal,.....	" J. Hatfield.
Executive Com. {	" G. Aug.
	" W. Laibe.
	" M. Peele.

The St. Boniface German Literary Society at its regular meeting elected the following officers:

President,.....	Mr. F. Koch.
Vice-President,...	" E. Mungovan.
Secretary,.....	" E. Walters.
Treasurer,.....	" J. Boeke.
Critic,.....	" A. Weyman.
Marshal,.....	" L. Eberle.
Executive Committee, S. Kuhnmuensch, A. Missler, V, Scharf.	

At the following meeting the installation of officers took place with neat impromptu addresses by the retiring as well as the new president.

Some Columbians are laboring under the delusion that a correct estimate of our society's standard can be formed by well filled shelves of our library. They remember, indeed, that "Reading maketh a full man," but would have us forget that "Conference maketh a ready man." It is ready men who "get there" in this our progressive nineteenth century. The Columbians should arouse from their lethargy and by the rendition of more programs or exhibitions of the dramatic art send forth a galaxy of "ready men" of whom we may be proud.

Students when returning to their Alma Mater in September generally expect to be surprised by discovering some great improvements. For the very

reason that it is expected, the surprise, as a rule, amounts to very little. If, however, after Christmas vacation any notable improvement is detected it is more pleasing, because more unexpected. Such is this time the case with us. While we were away the brothers were busy in transferring some hundred loads of sand and soil to that portion of the play-grounds which was included in the campus last year when making the bicycle road. The entire grounds now present a smooth plain, and the change will certainly be valued after the improved portion is once more overgrown with verdant turf.

There have as yet been few days in the annals of St. Joseph's that can rival, in point of solemnity displayed and in evident universal joyousness. Christmas day of 1896. On entering the chapel in the early morning all were agreeably surprised on beholding the crib, a picture from the master-brush of Father Paulinus. Next, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of the choir, the chorus of angels and shepherds transported our minds to the plains of Bethlehem. At four thirty A. M. a solemn High-mass was celebrated, during which the celebrant, our Rev. Rector, made a brief but beautiful address. Every one present received the Infant Savior into his heart. Another solemn High-mass was celebrated at eight o'clock. Father Paulinus delivered the sermon of the feast in touching terms. Solemn Vespers were sung at two in the afternoon, and Benediction in the evening closed the solemnities of a happy day. The efforts of the choir have seldom been more successful. Our sacristans, too, must be complimented upon their diligence and good taste in decorating the altars and the crib; they displayed these qualities to a greater advantage than ever before.

Leaving the chapel and invading the refectory, the same surprise met us. Though the lowest department in the house, it was far above the ordinary standard. The good sisters had actually buried the tables under loads of delicacies. During the free hours of the day every one was occupied either in amusements indoor or delighted in various sports in the keen air. To crown the whole we need but add that every one received a beautiful remembrance from the Rev. Rector, and that Father Paulinus entertained us for several hours with his inexhaustible humor and his machineries. But for the absence of so many of the Fathers and most of the students, we should call this an ideal day.

CLASS HONORS.

The following students have merited honorable distinction by attaining the highest percentage in their respective classes at the semi-annual examinations.

NORMAL COURSE.

Grammar,—J. Bøke.
 Geography,—J. Steinbrunner,
 Physiology,—J. Bøke.
 Psychology,—J. Bøke.
 U. S. History,—J. Steinbrunner.
 Civil Government,—T. McLoughlin,
 J. Bøke.
 Music,—J. Steinbrunner.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Penmanship,—J. Riefers.
 Book-Keeping.—T. Thienes.
 Book-Keeping and Commercial Law—
 Class I.—C. Crusey.
 “ II.—T. McLoughlin.
 “ III.—J. Engesser.

Music—J. Riefers.

(For other classes see the following department.)

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Religion I.—R. Monin, J. Riefers.

“ II.—E. Schweitzer, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, Z. Yaeckle.

Religion III.—T. Travers.

“ IV.—S. Kuhnmuensch, T. Brackman, D. Brackman.

Latin II.—C. Crusey, P. Baker.

“ III.—H. Seiferle.

“ IV.—P. Kanney.

“ V.—T. Brackman, D. Brackman, E. Deininger.

Latin VI.—I. Zircher, J. Connelly.

Greek I.—U. Frenzer.

“ II.—D. Brackman, E. Deininger.

Greek III.—A. Weyman.

English Grammar I.—R. Monin.

“ II.—D. Neuschwanger, C. Vanvlandren.

Grammar and Rhetoric,—P. Kanney.

Rhetoric and Literature,—F. Serozynski.

Poetry and Literature,—A. Weyman.

German I.—J. Burke.

“ II.—T. Travers, E. Ley.

“ III.—G. Didier.

“ IV.—Z. Yaeckle.

“ V.—Schuette.

“ Literature,—E. Deininger, D. Brackman, T. Brackman.

French I.—P. Sailer, E. Deininger.

“ II. S. Kuhnmuensch, A. Weyman.

Geography I,—B. Staiert.

“ II.—C. Mohr.

Penmanship,—J. Burke, S. Hartman.

Bible History I.—E. Keily.

“ II.—T. Kraemer, W. Arnold.

U. S. History,—H. Seiferle, W. Hordeman.

Modern History,—S. Brackman.

Arithmetic I.—E. Keily.

“ II.—S. Hartman, E. Snieder.

Arithmetic III.—J. Steinbrunner.

“ IV.—J. Engesser.

Algebra I.—J. Steinbrunner, E. Ley.

“ II.—J. Bøke, V. Schuette,

P. Kanney.

Algebra III.—T. Brackman, D. Brackman.

Geometry I.—D. Brackman, H. Fehrenbach.

Geometry II.—J. Connelly.

Chemistry,—S. Kuhnmuensch.

Natural Philosophy,—A. Riester, D. Brackman.

Astronomy,—J. Connelly.

HONORARY MENTION.

The following students have distinguished themselves by good conduct and correct deportment during the month of January.

J. Connelly, A. Missler, I. Zircher, T. Brackman, T. Travers, D. Brackman, F. Koch, H. Fehrenbach, A. Riester, E. Deininger, E. Ley, F. Ersing, W. Hordeman, V. Krull, J. Burke, P. Sailer, A. Schmidt, I. Rapp, J. Dwenger, V. Schuette, G. Aug, C. Faist, W. Arnold, G. Missler, A. Diller, P. Staiert, J. Riefers, G. Didier, H. Meighan, P. Kanney, C. Crusey, U. Frenzer, E. Keiey, R. Stolz, E. Wills, T. Kraemer, C. Rohrkemper, D. Neuschwanger, H. Seiferle, B. Holler, B. Wittmann.

The Monon Route, with its accustomed enterprise, has put on a through sleeper from Chicago to Washington and Baltimore, via Cincinnati and Parkersburg, by way of the C., H. & D.; B. & O. S-W., and B. & O. The train leaves Chicago at 2:45 and Monon 5:15 a. m.

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